VOL. XV.

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NO. 32.

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Under False Pretenses.

By RETT WINWOOD

Only think of it! Ready, old fel-

low. Off we go!"

ade, through the sweet high grass and red tasaded clover, a great black New-foundiand dog leaping and prancing at

It was June in New Hampshire, and southing the far off mountain peaks with rose and gold, a shining aureole. Down where the purple shadows were already deepening and darkening lay a ovely lake gleaming like a great soft pal on Mother Nature's breast. At the fost of the bill, where ran the lusty high road, Bruno made a sudden

bounding toward an alder thicket emitted a hoarse, sullen growl. Yera Lyndon stopped short, breathless with running, just as a handsome, fashionably clad young fellow emerged from the leafy covert that had hidden him

At the first movement he made, however, Bruno crouched directly in his path, ready for a spring, lashing his tail furiusly, showing his fangs, and over and

mon giving vent to a vicious snarl. The new comer turned pale under the seconing bronze of his handsome face. "Call off the ugly brute, will you. Miss Lyndon? I believe be would tear me in pieces if I were to meet him alone." red lip. It was plain to see that she

rather enjoyed the situation. "Quiet. Bruno-behave yourself, sir!" she cried, seizing hold of the dog's collar. "Aren't you ashamed of yourself? Now take yourself off."

The faithful creature only slunk back few paces, and sat upon his haunches, glaring ferociously at the man and still emitting a sullen growl from time to

"Strange that Brune should have taken such a dislike to you, Capt. Haxton. I never knew him to be so savage with any one before."
"It matters little so long as the brute's

lovely mistress does not share the antip-Vera Lymbon's dimpled caseks flushed

redder than ever, and the slender little hands, with which she made an attempt tie trembled perceptibly.

and her pulses throbbed more quickly. She was an innocent, unsophisticated child. Her little world was bounded by those rugged New Hampshire hills, where she had lived her brief life of seventeen years with a widowed mother. Into that world Capt, Digby Haxton had come unexpectedly some three weeks before. He was stopping at the ummer hotel down on the shore of the little lake. Accident had thrown the young people together in the first place. Of course the gallant captain had made

good use of his opportunities.

He was so different from the farmers' sons in the neighborhood, Vera could not help feeling pleased and flattered by his attentions. So handsome, polished, and well dressed! And yet some subtle in-"I was on my way to the farm house Vera," he said, smiling into the girl's blushing face, as he stroked his luxuriant dark mustache. "Is it true, the report that has just reached my ears, that you are going away to-morrow for a long

visits"
"Yes," Vera answered, "My grand-mother, Mrs. Wallingford, whom I have never seen, has sent for me to come to

"Not the rich Mrs. Wallingford?" She did not see the start of surprise he gave, or the eager, questioning look that leapt like a flash into his bold black eyes. "Yes—my grandmother is a very wealthy woman, I believe. Is it possible that you know her, Capt. Haxton?"

"I spent last winter in Boston, and met Mrs. Wallingford once or twice," he answered, in some confusion. "Isn't it a little strange," he added, after a pause. "that you should be living in this out-ofthe-way place when you have a rich relative who might do so much for you?"

"O grandmother never forgave her son for marrying my sweet manuar. She is a proud, haughty, selfish woman, I have een told. Up to the present time she has refused to hold any communication with us. It was a great surprise when she sent for me to come and visit her: but mamma thinks I had better go."

Digby Haxton stood looking at the lovely girl a moment, a curious glitter fairly bewitched him with her pretty face. It would not be a bad stroke of policy to win the wealthy Mrs. Walling-ford's granddaughter for his wife. Suddenly he bent his handsome head, taking Vera's trembling little hand in his

warm, strong grasp.
"I shall miss you sadly. It won't seem like the same place when you are gone." he whispered, ardently,

A moment later he was pouring the old, old story into her listening ear.

Vera thrilled and quivered under the ardent gaze of those dangerous, dark eyes. Of real, abiding love she knew next to nothing. What answer she might have made to his eloquent pleading it is impossible to say. But all at once Bruno shot past her with an angry snarl and sprang viciously at Haxton's throat. He seemed terribly exasperated.

A short transfer to say. But all at mother's last days pleasanter, I would go away this minute!" Vera thought, her eyes flashing, her breath coming thick and horried. A short struggle ensued. It was all Vera could do, by dint of alternate coax-

ing and threats, to induce the dog to release his grip. rage. But he made a mighty effort, and controlled himself. It would have done

"Answer me. Vera," he entreated, falling back a step out of harm's way. "Don't let that snarling beast of a dog keen back the confession I long to hear. Say that you love me and will become

But the girl had experienced a sudden reculsion of feeling. All at once she re-membered her gentle mother's warning -for Mrs. Lyndon had never liked or trusted the handsome stranger. Surely remping the instincts of the two who loved her hoyden "1-1-am so sorry, Capt. Haxton," will be she faltered. "I shall always feel grate-

formed into a sedest thinking of any other relation.

Good-by Mamma is waiting for me and I must go." With pale lips and cheeks she glided

past him, keeping firmly hold of Bruno's collar, and turned into a footpath that led toward a low red farm house, with a gish blood - the straggling orchard stretching away in

lovely, laughing girl bounding lightly as the rear.

a mountain gazelle down the sloping hill
Capt. Haxton's lips had fallen apart in unfeigned amazement. He had anticipated making an easy conquest of this guileless, simple hearted country girl. "Curse the brute!" he broke out, with

a hissing, deep drawn breath. "But for him, I believe, on my soul she would "A telegram has just arrived from the the setting sun cast slanting shadows him, I believe, on my soul she would across the picturesque Chesterfield hills, have surrendered. I'll give him an ounce of cold lead one of these days. And the girl-with what an air she declined my offer of marriage! An experienced belle couldn't have done it more coolly. But." a wicked smile creeping slowly about his lips, "it will be a reversal of the usual order if she slips through my fingers now I have really made up my mind. detour from his young mistress' side, and Mrs. Wallingford's granddaughter! Who would have dreamed of finding such a prize here?"

Excitement brought back Vera's ebbing color as she flew down the narrow path. She had been deeply stirred. The handsome captain was her first real lover, and had begun to figure largely in her girlish dreams.

Now, strange to say, she experienced a sense of real relief that the matter had been so unexpectedly decided. "Dear old Bruno, you saved me fron making a serious mistake, and I thank you for it," she exclaimed, stopping short to wreathe her arms about his shaggy

The faithful creature barked joyfully, and began to jump and leap about her, his ill temper entirely gone. A slender, sweet faced wom

in the open farm house door.
"Your trunk is packed, dear," she said, fondly kissing her daughter's cheek, and now we will have this last evening all to ourselves. I have put in my pearl colored silk and that Flemish point. And colored silk and that Flemish point. And you shall have my pearl brooch and the bracelets to match."

Vera gave a little gasp. What did the old lady mean? She had no idea how pretty and tady like she looked in the

"Oh, mother!" Vera's lips quivered; her blue eyes filled with tears. She knew how highly Mrs. Lyndon prized these treasures-her only ones and what it must cost her to let them co. The silk was her wedding dress, the jewels a present from her dead susband during the happy period of

"I wish I had more to offer," the gen- from which it was sent had been omitted. lady said, with a suppressed sigh. your wardrobe shabby and old fash-ioned, but we have done our best, Look and tone were so expressive. No knoder her sensitive heart gave a leap Vera, dear," with another deep breath, "I do hope your visit will be the means of softening the proud old lady's obdu-rate heart. We are very poor-poorer than you dream! And it is wicked to be so hard and unforgiving. Your grandmother ought to do something generous for her dead son's only child."

Vera affectionately kissed the thin wan cheek.
"I almost hate her for being so cruel to you, little mother. Just because you are only a farmer's daughter! But

her love for your sake." Early next morning the lumbering yellow stage coach drew up in the shadow of the drooping elms growing beside the farmhouse gate. This was a nonde-script vehicle which made daily trips to the nearest railway station, twelve miles away, for the transportation of passen-gers and a limp leather mail bag—limp because the Chesterfield people were never great letter writers, and there were no large business concerns to call forth

an extensive correspondence. "Going to visit your rich old grandother, ch?" the genial driver said to Vera, with the cordial familiarity of an old friend. There are no family secrets in these country towns, and the girl's prospects had been discussed at nearly every supper table for miles around, the evening before. "It's high time she sent for you. Her own flesh and blood, as one might say, and she rolling in riches, with only one other relative in the world! Now I hope she'll make amends by adopting you and leaving you all her

There was a tearful parting between

train for Boston.
She reached her destination late in the afternoon. The cab stopped before a large house in the Back Bay region. which loomed grandly against the blue

gray sky.

Vern's heart beat quickly as she Climbed the stone steps and rang the bell.

A messenger boy came up just behind
her, bringing a yellow envelope.

Vera was conducted through a lofty hall to a reception room whose gold

flecked walls, multitudinous mirrors, carved chairs and costly bric-a-brac fairly dazzled her unaccustomed eyes.

A hot feeling of indignation went over

her poor care burdened mother by the money any one of chese elegant trifles must have cost!

But no! selfish, worldly Mrs. Wallingford had never forgiven her son's "low

marriage," as she was pleased to term it. All these years, up to the present time, she had ignored the very existence of his widow and orphan child. "But for the hope of making my little

The "other relative" to whom the stage driver had referred was her cousin Viola Lyndon, a Baltimore beauty and

latter was rich in her own right, there could be little community of feeling beage. But he made a mighty effort, and latter was rich in her own right, there controlled himself. It would have done could be little community of feeling behing good to shoot the vicious brute, only tween the two. But, if justice were the happiest Vera had ever ex-

done, they would share and share alike

in Mrs. Wallingford's large fortune. "Though that is too much to expect," Vera told herself, "I shall be quite satisfied if grandmother settles a few thousands, that will never be missed, on little mamma. Then she could enjoy life a little and need not work so hard."

At that moment the rich portieres draping an arch at the lower end of the apartment were swept aside, and a strikingly handsome young man came toward her with outstretched hands.

Roselawn, I must, perforce, introduce myself. I am Herbert Falconer. Of course you have heard of me?" Yes-though she had quite forgotten,

> Mrs. Wallingford had been married and widowed twice. Herbert Falconer was her last husband's nephew-there fore no relation of Vern's. Now she distinctly recalled having heard it rumored that the young man was a great favorite of Mrs. Wallingford's, and had long re-

other Miss Lyndon, your cousin," he said, displaying the yellow envelope left by the messenger boy. "Aunt Walling-ford took a sudden whim to send for you both at the same time. Strange as it sounds, she has never made the acquaintance of either grandchild. She wishes to judge between you, and decide which shall be the heir, it may be," with a careless laugh. "But your cousin sends word that she has been unexpectedly prevented from coming.

Vera looked relieved as she glanced wistfully up to the young man's frank, handsome face. She was quite sure Viols must be proud and haughty, and had no desire to meet her. "May I go at once to grandmother's

"Certainly. She doesn't expect you until to-morrow, but that makes no difference. Come with me, please." Three minutes later Vera was standing before a wrinkled, yellow old woman ir

scrutinized her from head to foot. "You have the Lyndon look," Mrs Wallingford said, graciously, at length. "I am sure we shall get on very well together. I like your dress. Such sim-plicity is refreshing in these days of ruffles and rich apparel. It might make trace her steps, a difference, only everybody knows you can afford to do as you please in such matters."

soft clinging gown of steel colored cash-mere, relieved by little knots of scarlet ribbon here and there. Not the least like a country girl!

Before she could recover herself to re-

ply Herbert Falconer had produced the telegram and was reading it aloud. It was signed, "V. Lyndon:" but by some oversight the name of the place

"From that New Hampshire girl." Mrs. Wallingford muttered, half contemptuously, sinking back upon the soft cushions with a sigh of relief. "Of course," said Herbert, serenely.
"Well, I must own I'm glad she isn't
coming. No doubt she is a bold, forward creature, with the manners of a savage, who would put me to the blush a dozen times each day. What better could you expect of a child brought up by such a

mother? I never forgave the designing creature for entrancing my son into mar-rying her: though I did think of relent ing enough to do something for th daughter. Well, I am sincerely glad to be spared the ordeal. I should have hated the girl because of her origin." will try to forget her injustice and win Vera's blue eyes flashed indignantly,

She tried to explain—to resent in some way the insult offered her gentle mother -but there was such a choking in her throat she could not utter an audible "Come, dear, and give me a kiss." she

heard Mrs. Wallingford say, coaxingly, in the midst of her tumultuous excite ment. "I have taken a real fancy to you just as I expected. An old woman like me feels the need of some one to love and lean upon. You and I will be all the happier for being spared the affliction of

this country cousin's society,"

Vera flung her hands over her face, and held them there a moment. Like a flash came a sudden thought that made her head whirl and her heart throb fas-

ter than ever.

Mrs. Wallingford was a woman of vic lent. deeply rooted prejudices. She seemed willing enough to take Viola to her heart. Why not profit by the very natural mistake that had been made—assume her cousin's identity, be Viola until she had won her whimsical grandmother's love?

Vera and her mother; and at last the former was well started on the twelve she reflected, "Of course I shall dismile journey over the hills to the little inland city where she would take the train for Boston.

"The deception can harm no one," she reflected, "Of course I shall dismile journey over the hills to the little inland city where she would take the has been accomplished. If I could only bring this proud old lady face to face with my sweet mamma, how quickly she would feel ashamed of her silly dis-

> When Vera raised her head at length. Herbert Falconer was gazing at her curjously. Not even attempting to ana-lyze that look, she touched her lips to Mrs. Wallingford's wrinkled cheek. Somehow thoughts of her dead father stirred her strangely.
> "Only be kind to me, and I will

always love you, grandmother." said, tremulously.

The mistake had been allowed to pass unrectified, and retreat from her anomaher as she gazed around. How many lous position was no longer possible. But comforts might have been purchased for when she found herself alone in her elegant boudoir, with bath and dressing room attached, she walked restlessly about, scarcely deigning a glance at her

luxurious surroundings.
"I can never, never keep up the deception! I shall betray myself a dozen times each day. O why, why did I make the attempt?"
But it was easier than she would have

believed. She had acquired many graces and accomplishments in her country home. Her dress was always so neat, pretty and becoming one never thought disgust.
of the material, but only noticed the ef-And Mrs. Wallingford had not the

faintest suspicion that this lovely, lady like girl was the simple country maiden she had secretly made up her mind to

perienced. Had she thought to analyze her feelings she must have realized how much Herbert Falconer had had to do in causing the days to pass so very pleas-

part she was playing to mar her perfect happiness. How she hated herself now for that weak yielding to temptation! Everybody is so good and kind to me I shall never have the courage to confess the truth," she often mouned in the soli-

tude of her chamber. "How shall Lever rou are Miss Lyndon," he said, in a all the impulse of the moment, and not mellow voice, smiling down on her in a deliberately laid plan? What will Mr. way that instantly inspired a feeling of Falconer think of me when the will Mr. And a vivid crimson would suffuse her cheeks

her into the conservatory to gather a few roses, her favorite flower. The frafor the time being, that there was such grance breathing bower was dimly lighted. As Vera glided under the trailing green arches she heard the sound of suppres d voices in a shadowy corner. These suddenly ceased at her approach a glass door opening on the terrace closed sharply, and Ann Briggs, one of the maids, a bold, forward girl, glided out of the obscurity.

"I came for this," Ann stammered, displaying a crimson blossom she had

snatched from one of the potted shrubs in passing. "You were not alone. I heard voices. Some one has just gone away, Mrs. Wallingford would be greatly displeased if she knew you received visitors here.'

Words of denial were upon the girl's lips, but she thought better of it, and did "My brother saw me through the window, while on his way to the kitchen door, and stepped long enough to de-

committed a capital crime." Vera instinctively distrusted the girl. Something told her she was both cunning and unscrupulous. Of course she was keeping the real truth back. But it would be wiser, perhaps, to overlook

ond offense, and I shall not betray you," school. she said, hastily gathering the roses for I would not require perfect lessons, which she had come, and turning to re-Just then a suppressed sound caused

this transgression.

her to look quickly around. She saw a masculine figure rise suddenly from the shrubbery beside the terrace door, and Children should never be ke hurry across the lawn. The man's hat ing intermissions as punishment, for it didn't have to wait on them, to clean was drawn over his eyes, but Vera is both injurious and inhuman—they up their rooms, to wipe the tobacco caught a momentary glimpse of his face should all play together. in the moonlight.

"Capt. Haxton! Can it be possible?" she murmured, reeling giddily backward against one of the pillars, as if struck a ry for comparison and contrast, and and one annoyances that a male vis



Ann had hurried up to her, and was eering curiously into her face.

Are you ill?" "No, no." Vera made a mighty effort. and recovered herself. A glance through the glass side of the conservatory into the grounds showed her that the man had disappeared. "1-1-am a little fanciful! That is all. I will go now." Ann stepped aside. But her lips were ominously compressed, her eyes shone with a lurid light.

"I must have been mistaken," Vern aid to herself, as she slowly retraced her with that vulgar girl! Impossible! He expected to remain some time longer in the country. Of course the man was a stranger. My imagination exaggerated a

But she was absent minded and ill at ease all the rest of the evening. Once or twice it was on her lips to ask Mrs. Wallingford if she remembered Capt. Hax-ton, but she refrained. Such a question might lead to explanations that were

better postponed. Next day, as she was sitting alone in the back parior, Ann unceremoniously opened the door and said with a demure drooping of the corners of her mouth: "A gentleman to see you, Miss Lyn-Shall I show him in here?"

'No, no! You have made a mistake The visitor must have asked for your mistress. I have no acquaintances in exception to the sweeping assertion," in-

voice: and thrusting the mald aside, Capt. Haxton stepped forward with outwashing his face. I would teach Civit Government almost exactly as history, into his smiling, handsome face. If she had felt any lingering doubts as to the feelings he inspired, they were now set brevity and accuracy and practice same. forever at rest. She shrank from his

THEORY AND PRACTICE.

An Essay Read by I. B Rowe at the A Close of the Owensboro Summer Normal, and for Which He Received a Handsome Unabridged Dictionary.

That education is both useful and ornamental in preparing us for present duties and future usefulness and happiness, both here and hereafter, is a fact conceded by all civilized nations, and every intelligent individual. But the ways and means of obtaining and imparting the same, is the question,

which has furnished the world a wonderful field of thought, led to the development and display of one of the most useful arts known to man. We are led to the conclusion that teaching is an art by the fact that there is no scientific method or formula by which the teacher may be governed, and because not all persons who are

would first endeavor to know the peculiar disposition and temperment of each manded, struck by the maid's evident and every individual pupil in my charge. I would cultivate an intimate acquaintance with all without respect of person. I would have no written rules

thoroughly educated are successful. I

or lectures, and let every case suggest its own remedy.

'spare not the rod" when necessary. tution should always be looked after be- lives have been made most miserable fore the mental; hence would see to it for days and weeks at a time by a husthat the room was properly heated and band with one boil. Just think then liver a message," she answered, inso-lently tossing back her head. "Go, tell ventilated, and the children as comfort- what this poor woman had to endure my mistress, if you like, Miss Lyndon, ably seated as possible before I would with a husband with perhaps from five I don't imagine she will think I have give any instructions or require any hundred to one thousand boils on him! study.

true learning, the object of school existence? The only wonder is that she teaching is the gist of education. didn't cut her own throat in despair. I would encourage the exchanging of ideas in talks on the lesson, and various that Job's wife had to bear. Her hus "See that you are not guilty of a sec- subjects even by the smallest pupil in band's friends came on a visit to him

but would use (every) all means possi- and good women, too, have had to enble to secure good lessons. The prize system should be encour-

more than two are calculated to confuse litor gives the house keeper. the young mind. Pronunciation should never be under-raising a voice in defense of Job's taken until the child has learned per-

over the letters of those words most easily pronounced. Spelling is one of the most important in the world to-day; we meet them branches, the recitations in which should every day. They may not have hus

reading aloud. I would first have the of right belongs to the woman, the lesson told, then read the difficult parts charm of whose existence is his com-Writing should be taught from the are the women who are burdened with

firmly fixed in the mind, then prac- is legion. tice alone makes a perfect scribe. Composition should be taught by re-Composition should be taught by requiring the pupils to describe some object, or incident, written recitation W. Ford. on history, letter writing, etc.

Arithmetic may be studied while the child is yet very young, even before the painful sies nees to robust health marks at reflective faculties are developed. Children should never be taught why, until they have thoroughly learned how anything is or is done. To illustrate, some of the best telegraphers in Electric littlers. So many feel they own the world know nothing of the philos- their restoration to heat h, to the use of the ophy of electricity.

I would teach geography principally or Stonie or long or short studing you by requiring the pupils to draw maps and will such that said the cold fibration of Riccian Bit diagrams, tracing all the important ters so cathe and St. per lecture steps to Mrs. Wallingford's room. "Capt. rivers, locating mountains, towns and Haxton here, holding a stolen interview other places of note. I would have other places of note. I would have wall maps even at my own expensegive small lessons and have them thoroughly prepared. Maps should also be used in teaching history, having all the important events located. The first les son should be well prepared, carefully reviewing all the preceding at every recitation in order to keep the connec

time the child enters school, and made a parts of his nature. It is just as easy to learn words right as wrong. Of course this applies only all teaching of the correct use of words in recitations, and general conversation. Vera sprang up, trembling with ex- The text-books on grammar, should not be used until the reflective faculties

are developed. Physiology should never be taught without charts or subjects.

Another important lesson is, practice what you teach. I would no more let a terrupted a musical, well remembered child study with a dirty face than I would let him eat breakfast without washing his face. I would teach Civil

It has been wisely said that the teacher is touch with an irrepressible shudder of the greatest factor in forming the character therefore he or she should be honest, industrious, dignified and reverent, teaching the little ones by his own example. It has also been said, that the Keets' Specific positively cures all blood hand which rocks the cradle, shakes the liseases, such as scrottle, uters, syphilitic world, and it may said that he who theumatism, &c. Ask your druggist for it. trains the mind, rules the world and Prepared solely by the Williamsburg Drug trains the mind, rules the company, Williamsburg, Ky.

27 ly shapes the destinies of men.

Woman Deserving a Better Place Than She Has Ever Occupied.

Job was a wonderfully afflicted man, but as a partial compensation for it, he has had the sympathy of the human race for four thousand years. But it has not been so with Job's wife. Nobody has ever spoken a kind word of her. On the contrary, she has been held up for forty centuries as a horrible example. But for all that, we are confident the poor woman deserves a better place in history than she has ever occupied. If she was sour-tempered she had enough to give an acid to her disposition. She was made to drink the dregs from a bitter cup, and it is possible that she bore her troubles with about as much equanimity as the averaze woman would do.

In the first place, she was suddenly reduced from luxury to penury. Any unfortunate woman who has suffered this ordeal knows just the frame of mind Mrs. Job was in.

In the next place she was bereft of ber children. There is no grief so burdensome as that which falls upon a mother's heart when the grave hides her children from sight. In addition to this accumulation of

of decorum, but would give daily talks sorrows, she was left with an invalid husband on her hands. Job was covered with boils, and experience has taught I would use persuasions under all cir- us that there is no more exasperating cumstances if possible, but would patient than a man with a boil on him. There are wives, and good wives, too, The condition of the physical consti- in this christian land of ours whose Is it any wonder that the woman en-As the mere cramming of facts is not couraged her husband to terminate his But these were not all the trouble

and took possession of the house for six weeks at a time. Other women, dure the same affliction, and they can easily account for Mrs. Job's exhibition of bad temper. Job got worried with Children should never be kept in dur- the three visitors himself, and yet he juice from the parlor carpet every day, A B C Darians should always learn to sweep out the mud they carried in on two letters at a time, as two are necessa- their boots, and to submit to the thous

feetly well the name and sound of poor woman, who for four thousand There are a great 'many Job's wives

be as varied as possible—writing diffi-bands with boils on their bodies, but be as varied as possible writing the bands with bolls of the clubs cult words several times on black board, written recitations, frequent spelling of evenings. They have busbands who go to the clubs of evenings. are selfish enough to devote all their In reading, the pupils should thorongly understand the lesson before considering that a portion of that time panionship. The Job's wives of to-day beginning, having the pupil make the cares and sorrows of this life, and every letter separate until they are who get no sympathy. And their name

SHILOR'S CATARRE REMEDY-

EPOCIL. The transition from mag, lingering and

No one yet knows or can measure the productive capacity of a single acre of land anywhere. - Edward Atkinson in the August Forum.

Save Your Hair

BY a timely use of Ayer's Hair Vigor. This preparation has no equal as a dressing. It keeps the scalp clean, cool, and healthy, and preserves the color, fullness, and beauty of the hair.

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Thick and Strong. It has apparently come to stay. The Vigor is evidently a great aid to nature." — J. B. Williams, Floresville, Texas.

-J. B. Williams, Floresville, Texas. "I have used Ayer's Hair Vigor for the past four or five years and find it a most satisfactory dressing for the hair. It is all I could desire, being harmless, causing the hair to retain its natural color, and requiring but a small quantity to render the hair easy to arrange."— Mrs. M. A. Bailey, 9 Charles street, Haverhill, Mass. Haverhill, Mass.

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